

# The Mirror

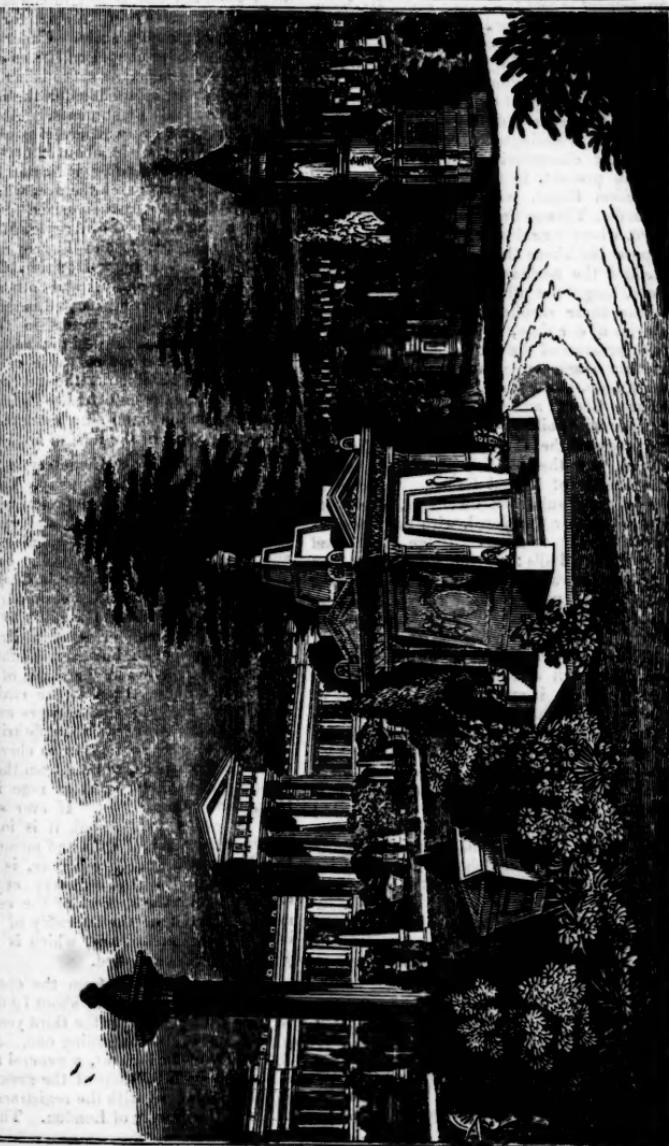
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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 890.]

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THE GENERAL CEMETERY, KENSAL GREEN.

## THE GENERAL CEMETERY, KENSAL GREEN.

THE picturesque environs of London do not afford a more pleasant, rural drive than the road to Harrow; although the spirit of improvement is fast trenching upon its beauties. Leaving Oxford Street, and proceeding somewhat more than half a mile up the Edgware Road, the road branches off on the left to Paddington Green. A few houses, of comparatively old fashion, and the church, about 50 years old, denote the original village of Paddington; but, all around is strangely characteristic of the busy spirit of the present, in the basin of the Grand Junction Canal, with its many sheltered wharves. Thence the road skirts the churchyard, wherein genius lies sleeping; for here repose Nollekens the sculptor, Curran, Dr. Geddes the zealous priest, and Mrs. Siddons, long "the pride of the British stage." While these recollections call up the past glories of our time, how are they contrasted with presage of the future, which the same locality suggests. The spoiler Art is at work here, and has cut up the turf of Westbourne Green, and scored and disfigured its surface with railway lines and banks. Having crossed the Canal by two bridges, the stream and the road run parallel as far as the hamlet of Kensal Green. "Here are some good suburban dwellings, overlooking in the rear the Canal, with the rich pastures leading to the Uxbridge Road, and the Surrey Hills: in the front there is a fine, open view of the fields communicating with the Edgware Road. The new church at Highgate may be seen in this part of the road."

The Cemetery, or new Burial Ground, lies on the left of the road, between which and the canal, it extends about a quarter of a mile, and contains about 48 acres. It is surrounded by a lofty wall, with occasional apertures, secured by iron railing. This area is laid out in the style of *Père la Chaise*, near Paris: it has gravelled roads, and is planted with forest-trees and evergreens; in its parterres blooms for a season the gay flower, fit emblem of the transitory life of man, and harmonizing with the more costly memorials of his brief existence. The site is one of extreme beauty, and the view extends over the rich and varied scenery of the western environs of the metropolis, and a large tract of the county of Surrey.

"At the eastern extremity of the Cemetery is an arched gateway, opening from the road into about four acres of ground, appropriated to the interment of persons whose friends desire a funeral service differing from that of the Church of England." Here is a handsome colonnade, having in its centre a chapel, with a pediment supported by four Ionic columns; beneath are

capacious vaults. The ground on the western side has been consecrated by the Bishop of London, and has nearly in its centre a chapel for the performance of the burial-service of the Church of England. It is a neat building, but is not intended for permanent use, a site being reserved for a chapel on a more extended scale. Under and adjoining the above chapel will be an extensive range of catacombs, the space being bounded by a handsome colonnade for the reception of tablets and monuments. Along the northern boundary wall are also catacombs calculated to contain about 2,000 coffins; the line of vaults being indicated by a colonnade of Grecian architecture, wherein are already placed many memorials. "The remains of the Duchess of Argyle, Marchioness of Headfort, Ladies Fitzroy and Stanley, Sir W. and Lady Douglas, Generals Bell, Orr, Broughton, and other distinguished persons, are deposited in this receptacle." Some of the tombs in the open ground are of elegant design; and the visitor cannot fail to notice those of Mr. St. John Long, Kiallmark, the ingenious Joseph Manton, the unfortunate Pelissie, Mr. Ducrow, and a handsome monument over the family vault of the Earl of Galloway.

The Kensal Green Cemetery is the property of a joint-stock company. The enterprise has had considerable prejudice to combat, from the custom of burial in planted grounds, apart from churches, being foreign, and chiefly peculiar to Catholic countries. We refer especially to *Père la Chaise*, and other cemeteries in the neighbourhood of Paris, these being most familiar to English eyes. In the cemeteries of a Protestant country, there will, however, doubtless, be less artificial sorrow in the shape of memorials and tributes, than in the environs of the French capital; and, flowers and evergreens, we know, are such simple tributes of affection to the dead as to be cherished in village churchyards, remote from the heartburnings of society, such as rage in large towns and communities. If ever superstition be sweet to the soul, it is in the observance of funereal rites and memorials to the dead; and such, we believe, is not interfered with in the cemetery at Kensal Green; whilst the success of the establishment is a proof of the liberality of the age in matters of conscience, which is too important to be overlooked.

Within three years from the opening of this Cemetery, there were about 1,000 interments; the number in the third year being double that of the preceding one. According to Act of Parliament, a general register is kept for both portions of the ground, and a duplicate lodged with the registrars of parishes in the diocese of London. The terms are as follow:—

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| Purchased Grave, with privilege of placing monument, flat, or head and foot stones | 5 5 0    |
| Single interment in Grave, inclusive of all ordinary fees                          | 1 5 0    |
| Ground for Vault or Brick Grave  | 15 15 0  |

At the end of the village, the Birmingham Railway crosses the Harrow Road in a slanting direction from Kilburn, and the line then proceeds from the boundary wall of the Cemetery, along the fields, to the left.\* The contiguity of a burial-ground and railway is calculated to sadden the casual visitor: upon one occasion, at the close of a delightful day of repose, we remember to have stood in a charming meadow hard by, and there to have contrasted the clear yet chilling note of the Cemetery chapel bell with the almost indescribable noise of the approaching engine and its train upon the railway many yards beneath. The position was of painful interest; and we turned from thence to the all-glorious sun, then tinged the western horizon with a flood of crimson light, and in its splendour reminding us how puny are the proudest triumphs of Art in comparison with the majesty of Nature.

#### THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well, and it was about the sixth hour."

"There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water."—*St. John*, ch. 4, v. 6, 7.

SOLITARY and still the noon tide hour,  
Samaria's walls are gleaming nigh,  
The palm-tree forms a welcome shade,  
Where gentle breezes sigh;  
And not a cloud is seen to lour  
In fair Judea's sky.  
An ancient well was standing there,  
Its bright cool fountain, clear and deep,  
No sound disturbs the fervid air,  
All nature seems to sleep;  
A holy pause,—a listening fear,—  
A sabbath rest to keep.  
There rested by that ancient well,  
A traveller,—all alone,—  
On Him the tree's broad shadow fell,  
And fitting gleams were thrown  
Over a face serene and pale,  
In which the Godhead shone.

And who is she approaching near,  
To that still fountain's side?  
Gently upon her listening ear,  
The words of truth abide;  
The voice divine—pointing the way,  
Where living waters glide!  
Her life of sin—her darkened soul,  
Are open to His eye,  
Before her mental vision roll  
Dark shadows long past by  
Of former crime,—her wakened heart,  
Is aching silently.  
She flies—"Oh! see a wond'rous one,  
Who tells of all my woe.  
A more than prophet—all alone.

\* From the Visitor's Companion to Harrow-on-the-Hill, a small pamphlet which contains much welcome information respecting this locality; to be purchased at 17, Wyndham Street, Bryanstone Square.

Beside you waters flow;  
He speaks of things divine,—of all  
My weary soul would know."  
Unfathomed depth of love divine!  
That from high glory stoop'd so low,  
For ever, Lord, may we be thine,  
And o'er us still Thy mercy show:  
Fountain of all our hope, from Thee,  
Does life eternal flow.

ANNE R.—

#### THE TOWER OF LONDON.

(*To the Editor.*)

I was induced last week to visit the Tower, accompanied by three ladies, for the purpose of viewing the Armoury and Crown Jewels, under the expectation that the long talked reduction of admission had been adopted. But, to my surprise, the first thing we were informed by the warden in attendance, was, that the fee for admission to the four departments containing the Armoury, Modeling, and Ordnance, would be two shillings each person, and one shilling each person for the warders, making together twelve shillings; which being complied with, we were next asked if we wished to see the Crown Jewels, and upon answering in the affirmative, we were told the charge would be two shillings each person, and one shilling for the warden, making together nine shillings, which was also complied with. Having enjoyed the sight, I was then required to write my name and address in a book at the warden's lodge, when, thinking our eyes gratified, and my pocket sufficiently punished, we prepared for our departure; but, to my still greater surprise, the warden applied for "a compliment," as he stated, agreeable to custom; and, on demurring to the same, his reply was that the fees paid for the warden (being five shillings) were divisible among his fellow warders. Not wishing to be considered mean, I was induced to give the further sum of two shillings, which I now regret, for the gratuity was received under evident dissatisfaction—A CORRESPONDENT.

#### Manners and Customs.

##### HOUSES OF REFORMATION IN HOLLAND.

THERE are, in most of the large cities of Holland, one or more institutions thus called, the object of which is to confine and restrain any person, male or female, whose conduct is marked by ruinous extravagance; and many families have been preserved from total ruin by their salutary operation.

They are placed under the immediate superintendence of the magistracy; and such obstacles are opposed to their abuse, that it is not possible to place any individual in one of those houses, without showing ample cause for the coercion.

Mynheer Van Der—, who, in 1796, lived in high style on the Keizer Gragt, in

Amsterdam, had a very modest wife, who dressed most extravagantly, plied high, gave expensive rounts, and showed every disposition to help off with money quite as fast as her husband ever gained it. She was young, handsome, vain and giddy, and completely the slave of fashion.

Her husband had not the politeness to allow himself to be ruined by her unfeeling folly and dissipation; he complained of her conduct to her parents and nearest relations, whose advice was of no more avail than his own; next he had recourse to a respectable minister of the Lutheran church, who might as well have preached to the dead. It was in vain to deny her money, for no tradesman would refuse to credit the elegant—the fascinating wife of the rich Van Der—.

Involved as the young lady was in the vortex of fashionable dissipation, she had not yet ruined either her health or reputation; and her husband, by the advice of his friend M—, determined to send her for six months to a Verbetering Huis.

With the utmost secrecy, he laid before the municipal authorities the most complete proofs of her wasteful extravagance and incorrigible levity; added to which, she had recently attached herself to gaming with French officers of rank, who lay under an imputation of being remarkably expert in levying contributions. She was already in debt upwards of thirty thousand florins to tradesmen, although her husband allowed her to take from his cashier a stipulated sum every month, which was more than competent to meet the current expenses of his household; while, to meet a loss which occurred at play, her finest jewels were deposited in the hands of a benevolent money-lender, who accommodated the necessitous upon unquestionable security bearing previously left in his custody.

Her husband was fully twenty years older than his volatile wife, of whom he was rationally fond, and at whose reformation he aimed, before she was carried too far away by the stream of fashionable dissipation.

Against his will, she had agreed to make one of a party of ladies, who were invited to a grand ball and supper at the house of a woman of rank and character.

Her husband, at breakfast, told her she must change her course of life, or her extravagance would make him a bankrupt, and her children beggars. She began her usual playful answer, said she "certainly had been a little too thoughtless, and would soon commence a thorough reformation."—"You must begin to-day, my dear," said her husband, "and, as a proof of your sincerity, I entreat you to drop the company of —, and to spend your evening at home this day, with me and your children."—"Quite impossible, my dear man," said the modest

wife in reply—"I have given my word and cannot break it."—"Then," said her husband, "if you go out this day dressed, to meet that party, remember, for the next six months, these doors will be barred against your return. Are you still resolved to go?"—"Yes!" said the indignant lady, "if they were to be for ever barred against me!"

Without either anger or malice, Myntje Van Der— told her not to deceive herself, for, as certain as that was her determination, so sure would she find his foretelling verified. She told him, "if nothing else had power to induce her to go, it would be his menace." With this they parted—the husband to prepare the penitentiary chamber for his giddy, young wife, and the latter to eipose every rival at the ball that evening.

To afford her a last chance of avoiding a ignominy which it pained him to inflict, he went once more to try to wean her from her imprudent courses, and proposed to set of that evening to Zutphen, where her mother dwelt; but he found her sullen and busied with milliners and dresses, and surrounded with all the paraphernalia of splendid attire.

At the appointed hour the coach drove to the door, and the beautiful woman, (full dressed, or rather undressed) tripped gaily down stairs, and stepping into the coach, told the driver to stop at —, on the Keizer Gragt. It was then dark, and she was a little surprised to find the coach had passed through one of the city gates; the sound of a clock awoke her as from a dream. She pulled the check-string but the driver kept on; she called out, and some one behind the coach told her, in a suppressed voice, that she was a prisoner, and must be still. The shock was severe; she trembled in every limb, and was near fainting with terror and alarm when the coach entered the gates of Verbetering Huis, where she was doomed to take up her residence.

The matron of the house—a grave, severe, yet a well-bred person—opened the door, called the lady by name and requested her to alight. "Where am I?—for heaven's sake tell me; and why am I brought here?"—"You will be informed of every thing, madam, if you please to walk in-door."—"Where is my husband?" said she, in wild affright; "sure, he will not let me be murdered."—"It was your husband who drove you hither, madam. He is now upon the coach-box!"

This intelligence was conclusive. All her assurance forsook her. She submitted to be conducted into the house, and sat pale, mute, and trembling; her face and her dress exhibiting the most striking contrast.

The husband, deeply affected, first spoke. He told her, "that he had no other means to save her from ruin, and he trusted the remedy would be effectual; and when she

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She then essayed, by the humblest protestations, by tears and entreaties, to be permitted to return; and vowed, that never more while she lived would she ever offend him. "Save me," said she, "the mortification of this punishment, and my future conduct shall prove the sincerity of my reformation." Not to let her off too soon, she was shown her destined apartment and dress, the rules of the house, and the order for her confinement during the six months! She was completely overpowered with terror, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered she found her husband chafing her temples, and expressing the utmost anxiety for her safety. "I have been unworthy of your affection," said the fair penitent; "but spare me this ignominious fate; take me back to your home, and never more shall you have cause to reproach me."

Her husband, who loved her with unabated affection, notwithstanding all her levity, at last relented: and the same coach drove her back to her home, where not one of the domestics, (a trusty man-servant excepted,) had the least suspicion of what had occurred. As soon as her husband led her to her apartment, she dropped on her knees and implored his pardon; told him the extent of all her debts; begged him to take her to Zutphen for a few weeks, and promised so to reduce her expenditure as to make good the sums she had so inconsiderately thrown away.

Allowing for the excessive terror she had felt when she found, instead of being driven to —'s rout, she was proceeding round the ramparts, outside of the city gates, which she could not wholly overcome, she spent the happiest evening of her life with her husband; and from that day, she abandoned her former career of dissipated folly, and became all that her husband desired—a good wife and affectionate mother.

There have been instances of persons being confined for many years in these houses—mostly by coercion, but some voluntarily.

An elderly man, who had acquired a competency, after he retired from business, took to drinking, and that to an excessive degree—during which fits of intemperance, he made away with his property, and showed every symptom of spending or wasting all he had, and reducing himself and family to beggary.

His wife was advised to place her husband in a Verbetering Huis—an act for which he thanked her, and acknowledged it was the only means by which he could be restrained from ruining himself.

At the end of five months' discipline, in a house where all his wants were supplied,

and nothing debarred him but intoxicating liquors, he was deemed to be sufficiently reclaimed, and went back to his house, cured, as he hoped, of a vice he had not acquired in his youthful days. He did not feel the least anger or resentment: but, on the contrary, told his wife and sons, if he should again relapse into that odious vice, to send him back, and there keep him.

For a time he maintained his resolution—but, by degrees, he fell off, and, in less than a year, he had become as bad as ever. His family were grieved, but, such was their fondness for him, they would not again put him in a place of restraint, lest their friends should reflect upon them, and impute their conduct to sordid motives alone.

One day the old gentleman was missed, and the night passed without tidings; the next morning the messenger from the Verbetering Huis arrived with a note, informing his wife and family "that, feeling his own inability to conquer a propensity that was alike ruinous and unworthy of his age and former character, he had betaken himself to his old quarters, where he was determined to live and die, as he saw no other means of avoiding the ignominy of wasting his property, and making beggars of his family."

In Holland, the majority of males is twenty-five years: and, if a young gentleman is very incorrigible, his parents, or guardians, can place him in one of these institutions—and the same respecting young women.

A tradesman's daughter, in the Warmoe's-street, in 1803, formed an attachment to a married man. Her parents, with a view to save her from ruin, placed her in one of these houses for six months. Solitude and reflection, and the religious lectures read to her by the minister who was appointed to attend, wrought a change of sentiment; but the shock was so great that she died soon after her release—a victim to her unfortunate passion.

An English tradesman, who lived in the same street, had a wife who was rather too much addicted to drinking, and he placed her in one of these houses; but whether it was the confinement or some extraneous causes, the unfortunate woman went raving mad, in which state she died. It was a curious fact that, of the English who have been placed in these sort of houses, scarcely a single instance has occurred of any radical good being effected, further than the restraint imposed by the rules of the place; while, of the native Dutch, in at least one half the cases that occurred in 1803, a radical cure had been effected.

All these institutions are placed under the superintendence of the police; most of them are provided with dark chambers for the confinement of the refractory and also

a *geestel paul*, or whipping-post; but no one can be confined in the one, or whipped at the other, without an order from the magistrate; and the latter punishment must be applied in the presence of the visitors, and not by any servant of the house, but by the common executioner; which inflictions are not held as infamous, or even dishonourable; and many instances have occurred in which the great and opulent have had their children punished in this manner.

During the prosperity of the Belgic republic, these institutions were very beneficial to the community; but after its decline and fall, and the universal poverty and depravity which ensued, they became less an object of terror, as only the rich, and they were few indeed, could afford to pay for their relatives, to whom such coercion might be useful.—*New-York Mirror.*

STONE FLOUR: BY M. BIOT.

THE details which were communicated to the Academy of Sciences, by M. de Humboldt concerning the existence of a stony substance, which is sometimes employed in Lapland, in the time of dearth, have recalled to my recollection the notice of a similar fact which has lately reached us from China, and which was reported in the correspondence of the missionaries. My son having likewise found the same fact, attested at many different periods in the Japanese *Encyclopedia*, with the dates attached, I requested him to translate the passages which related to the subject; and it has occurred to me that the Academy would regard with interest the collection of these documents concerning the employment of the article in a way much more general than we are usually led to believe.

The Japanese *Encyclopedia*, book lxi., “Upon Stones and Minerals,” contains an article entitled *Chi Mien* or *Stone-flour*, of which we now present a translation; and in which it will be seen the same superstitious ideas prevail which M. de Humboldt had remarked in Laponia. “The *Pen-tao-Kang-mou*” remarks, “The flour of stone is not an ordinary substance, but a miraculous production. Many declare that it is produced in the time of famine. Under the

\* This work is a collection of Chinese Natural History, compiled about A. D. 1575, from treatises which were still more ancient. M. S. Julien having kindly communicated to my son his copy of the *Pen-tao-Kang-mou*, the quotation given in the Japanese *Encyclopedia* has been compared with the original text, and found to be accurate. Many of the places named are situated in the Northern Province called *Chan-Si*, where the cold is often severe during the winter; others belong to the maritime provinces of *Chan-tong* and *Kiang-Nan*, near the mouth of the Yellow River. The provinces of *Hou-Kouang* and *Kiang-Si*, concerning which the missionaries attest the same fact, are different from these, and are situated in the valley of the Blue River.

Emperor *Hien-Tsung*, of the dynasty of *Tang*, in the period *Tien-pao*, the third year (answering to A. D. 744), a miraculous spring issued from the earth, and stones were decomposed and converted into flour. To the letter-press of this extract is conjoined a wood-cut, which represents the spring issuing forth in cascades, and the stones breaking up into slender threads, but these are so incorrectly indicated, that it is not possible to draw any mineralogical inference.

We subjoin some additional notices. “Under the Emperor *Hien-Tsung*, of the same dynasty, in the period *Yuen-ho*, fourth year (A. D. 809), stones were decomposed and became meal.” Under the Emperor *Tching-Tsung*, of the dynasty of *Soung*, in the period *Tsiang-fou*, fifth year (A. D. 1012) “a marrow was produced from stones which resembled flour.” Under *Jin-Tsung* in the period *Kia-yeou*, seventh year, (A. D. 1062), “the flour of stone was produced.” Under *Tchi-Tsung*, in the period *Yuen-fong*, third year (A. D. 1080), “stones were decomposed and became flour: all these kinds of flour were collected and eaten by the poor.”

We now add the statement, made in 1834, by one of the Chinese missionaries, M. Mathieu-Ly, who is established in the province of *Kiang-Si*.† The facts which he describes, relate to the same year 1834, and to the three preceding, so that they coincide with those mentioned by M. Retzius, regarding Laponia. “Many of our converts will assuredly die this year from want; and it is God alone who can provide a remedy for so many and such aggravated necessities; all the crops have again been carried away by the overflowing of the rivers. For a period of three years now, an immense number of persons have supported themselves upon the bark of a tree which is found in the country; whilst others eat a light earth of a white colour, which has been discovered in a mountain. The earth can only be bought with silver, and it is not every one that can procure it. These wretched people first sold their wives, their sons and daughters, they then sold their tools, and the furniture of their houses; and even these have finally demolished that they might sell the timber-work. Many of these unfortunate people were really rich four years ago.”

Another missionary, M. Rameux,† writing concerning the province of *Hou-Kouang*, about the middle of the year 1834, supplies details which are not less deplorable. “The district *Fan-Hien*, he remarks, contained about a thousand converts; but their number has been exceedingly reduced by famine. A great number have come to me to de-

† See *Annales de la propagog de la Foi*, No. xlviii. p. 85. Sept. 1836.

‡ *Annales de la propagog de la Foi*, No. xlviii. p. 61.

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mand the last sacraments. They calculate their resources, and accurately know, almost to an hour, the number of days they can subsist. They receive the sacrament of extreme unction when their means are exhausted, and then having nothing to eat, they calmly wait the moment of their demise."

Clearly to apprehend the cause of these calamities, and their frequent returns among an industrious society, which is chiefly agricultural, and has had the blessing of a steady government for a long course of ages, it is necessary to recollect that many provinces of China, more extensive than the half of the whole Kingdom of France, are great uniform plains, traversed by immense rivers, whose beds are ever and anon choked up by the deposits which are left by the waters, so that it is necessary constantly to confine them by high dikes, which are maintained with immense labour. The provinces of *Hou-Kouang* and of *Kiang-Si*, for example, which have now been named, are thus traversed by the Blue and other great rivers. These circumstances afford every facility for irrigation, develop an agriculture in which industry is pushed very nearly to its limit, whereby the most abundant harvests are produced, especially of rice, which is cultivated even up the slopes of the hills, the water being forced up by hand-engines. So long as this state of things continues, the necessary result is an immense production of the means of subsistence, which leads to a corresponding development of the population. But, if once the waters so far increase as to run over the dikes, they spread over the plain, inundate it, and swallow up a portion of the population: whilst those who escape the disaster, finding themselves ruined, and deprived of all their resources so long as the waters cover the soil, remain a prey to all the miseries which the missionaries describe, and, finally, in immense numbers, actually perish from hunger. This cause, conjoined with the awful catastrophes produced by earthquakes, which seem to be more frequent, more violent, and especially more widely spread in China than in most other regions of the globe, enable us, in a great degree, to understand the sudden vicissitudes which, as the history of China attests, so often occur in the number of the population of this vast empire; vicissitudes whose proportionate number bears no relation to the regular laws of European population, as may be seen in a memoir inserted in the *Journal de la Société Asiatique*.\*

\* Mémoire sur la population de la Chine et ses Variations, depuis l'an. 2400 avant l'ère Chrétienne, jusqu'au 13e Siècle après; par Edouard Biot.

## New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOL. VI.

(Continued from page 252.)

"March 14. I have amused myself occasionally very pleasantly during the last few days by reading over Lady Morgan's novel of O'Donnell, which has some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and in the comic part is very rich and entertaining. I do not remember being so much pleased with it at first. There is a want of story, always fatal to a book the first reading—and it is well if it gets a chance of a second. Alas, poor novel! Also read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early.

[On March 15, Scott left Edinburgh for the last time, and settled at Abbotsford, "in solitude." Mr. Lockhart now illustrates.] —Sir Walter's Diary begins to be clouded with a darker species of distress than mere loss of wealth could bring to his spirit. His darling grandson is sinking apace at Brighton. The misfortunes against which his manhood struggled with stern energy were encountered by his affectionate wife under the disadvantages of enfeebled health; and it seems too evident that mental pain and mortification had a great share in hurrying her ailments to a fatal end.

Nevertheless, all his afflictions do not seem to have interrupted for more than a day or two his usual course of labour. With rare exceptions he appears, all through this trying period, to have finished his daily task—thirty printed pages of *Woodstock*, until that novel was completed; or, if he paused in it, he gave a similar space of time to some minor production; such as his paper on Galt's Omen for *Blackwood's Magazine*—or his very valuable one on the Life of Kemble for the *Quarterly Review*. And hardly had *Woodstock* been finished before he began the *Chronicles of the Canongate*. He also corresponded much as usual (notwithstanding all he says about indolence on that score) with his absent friends; and I need scarcely add that his duties as Sheriff claimed many hours every week. The picture of resolution and industry which this portion of his *Journal* presents, is certainly as remarkable as the boldest imagination could have conceived.

[Returning to the "Gurnal":]—"April 1.—*Ex uno die disce omnes.*—Rose at seven or sooner, studied and wrote till breakfast, with Anne, about a quarter before ten. Lady Scott seldom able to rise till twelve or one. Then I write or study again till one. At that hour to-day I drove to Huntley-Burn, and walked home by one of the hundred and one pleasing paths which I have made through the woods I have planted—now chatting with Tom Purdie, who carries my plaid and speaks when he pleases, telling long stories of hits and misses in shooting twenty years back—sometimes chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy—and sometimes attending to the humours of two curious little terriers of the Dandie Dinmont breed, together with a noble wolf-hound puppy which Glengarry has given me to replace Maida. This brings me down to the very moment I do tell—the rest is prophetic. I shall feel drowsy when this book is locked, and perhaps sleep until Dalglish brings the dinner summons. Then I shall have a chat with Lady S. and Anne; some broth or soup, a slice of plain meat—and man's chief business, in Dr. Johnson's estimation, is briefly despatched. Half an hour with my family, and half an hour's coqueting with a cigar, a tumbler of weak whiskey and water, and a novel perhaps, lead on to tea, which sometimes consumes another half hour of chat; then write and read in my own room till ten o'clock at night; a little bread, and then a glass of porter, and to bed; and this, very rarely varied by a visit from some one, is the tenor of my daily life—and a very pleasant one indeed, were it not for apprehensions about Lady S. and poor Johnnie Hugh. The former will, I think, do well; for the latter—I fear—I fear—

"April 3.—I have the extraordinary and gratifying news that Woodstock is sold for 8,228*l.*; all ready money—a matchless sale for less than three months' work. If Napoleon does as well, or near it, it will put the trust affairs in high flourish. Four or five years of leisure and industry would, with such success, amply replace my losses. I have a curious fancy; I will go set two or three acorns, and judge by their success in growing whether I shall succeed in clearing my way or not.

[There is sincere charity in our next extract.]—"April 24.—Constable is sorely broken down.

'Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.'  
His conduct has not been what I deserved at his hand, but I believe that, walking blindfold himself, he misled me without *malice prepense*. It is best to think so at least, until the contrary be demonstrated. To nourish angry passions against a man whom I really liked, would be to lay a blister on my own heart."

[The following passages, recording the illness and death of Lady Scott, are truly affecting, and are tinged with manly sorrow:]—"May 2.—Yesterday was a splendid May-day—to-day seems inclined to be soft, as we call it; but *tant mieux*. Yesterday had a twang of frost in it. I must get to work and finish Borden's Life of Kemble, and Kelly's Reminiscences, for the Quarterly.—I wrote and read for three hours, and then walked, the day being soft and delightful; but, alas, all my walks are lonely from the absence of my poor companion. She does not suffer, thank God, but strength must fail at last. Since Sunday there has been a gradual change—very gradual—but, alas, to the worse. My hopes are almost gone. But I am determined to stand this grief as I have done others.

"May 4.—On visiting Lady Scott's sick-room this morning I found her suffering, and I doubt if she knew me. Yet, after breakfast, she seemed serene and composed. The worst is, she will not speak out about the symptoms under which she labours. Sad, sad work; I am under the most melancholy apprehension, for what constitution can hold out under these continued and wasting attacks.

"May 6.—The same scene of hopeless (almost) and unavailing anxiety. Still welcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better. I fear the disease is too deeply entwined with the principles of life. Still labouring at this Review, without heart or spirits to finish it. I am a tolerable Stoic, but preach to myself in vain.

'Are these things then necessities?  
Then let us meet them like necessities.'

(To be continued.)

### The Public Journals.

#### LOTTERY FOR A HUSBAND.

WHAT have our novelists been doing when this anecdote was waiting for them? Charles Theodore D'Estateville found himself, at twenty-one, walking in the Gardens of the Luxembourg without the smallest coin of the realm in his pocket. He was a subaltern in a regiment of hussars, had served in the last years of Napoleon, and had received two slight wounds, two crosses, and was in a fair way to become a field-marshall, when Charles X. was sent into exile, and two-thirds of his regiment was put upon half-pay. Charles was among the two-thirds; the world was before him, and with twenty Napoleons, a handsome figure, and hundred talents, he came, as every Frenchman does, on the first opportunity, to Paris. Paris is notoriously the centre of the world, the paradise of women and wits, the region of enchantment, and the spot where every pleasure is to be had at the lowest price. Still, even in Paris, men

cannot live twenty minutes without a buoyant, man of the tenderness, the purest man next tried for captain tenders, quite, or tenders of the Irish blood, insatiate imagination, daubed hideously, *et noir*, one night for two and fast, the greatest pure It was meditative, a pleasure, looking like his character, right, of man, plunging native admiring.

But native the best and the best his place, each empty. He never diest and which He a hero, portrait of the voice use with A I every gene the

cannot live upon air, and Charles found his twenty Napoleons rapidly diminishing. Of course it is to be presumed that he was not without expedients; what Frenchman ever was? and Charles, brilliant, young, and buoyant, tried every expedient natural to a man of genius. His first was to ascertain the tenderness of heart and weight of purse that was to be found among the heiresses. Among his own countrywomen he found the tenderness of heart in great abundance, but the purse remarkably light—smiles never fed any man, and sighs were his aversion. He next tried the English heiresses, but the day for captures there was past; the ladies might be tender, and the names of Chevalier, Marquis, or Count was irresistible by the daughters of Irish Earls and London traders; but the Irish ladies having nothing but their blood, were determined to sell it dear, and insisted on solid settlements in France for imaginary estates at home; and the fair daughters of trade were so watched by hideous aunts and herculean brothers that the game was not worth the candle. *Rouge et noir* was next tried. Fortune smiled for one night on her new votary, and frowned for two; the Napoleons went down faster and faster, until at length the last portrait of the *grand homme* was the solitary tenant of the purse of Charles Theodore D'Etainville. It was this discovery that had sent him to meditate in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, a pleasant place for the last walk of despairing lovers, and the *demi-soldé*, where he had his choice of walking a hundred yards to the right, and blowing out his brains undisturbed of man, or a hundred yards to the left, and plunging into the Seine, according to the native style, in the midst of the national admiration.

But while he was pondering on the alternative, night fell, the wind whistled keenly, the bell rang for the closing of the Garden, and Charles was forced to leave the place of his philosophy. In going through the streets he passed by three successive theatres, with each a pang, and never felt the calamity of an empty purse so pungently as at that moment. He now approached the Seine. That mudiest of rivers looked more muddy than ever, and Charles naturally shrunk from a plunge which would so effectually disfigure him. He again felt his last Napoleon; and in the heroism of his recollections was putting the portrait of his great leader to his lips, when the sudden opening of a *café* door, the sound of the scraping of fiddles, and the hum of voices within told him he might make better use of both himself and his coin than to bury either in the Seine, at least for that night. A Frenchman has always two reasons for everything, a strong one and a weak. He generally gives way first to the weak one, on the rational ground that the strong one will

make way for itself. One of his reasons for determining to live for at least the next half hour was, that he owed a week's rent to his landlady, which he was bound in honour to discharge; and the other was, that he was desperately in love with one of the prettiest girls in Lyons, an exquisite blonde who had given him all her heart, but having not a sou to give along with it, had pledged herself to wait till Monsieur Charles should be a colonel. It was plain that neither of those purposes could be accomplished if he was to make his bed that night in the bottom of the Seine. He therefore postponed the performance until at least he should break the matter to the fair Euphrasia, in a billet worthy of a Frenchman in despair.

Ordering coffee, pen, ink, and paper, he sat down to write. To give him a clearer view of the subject, the smart *garçon* of the *café* lighted a small lamp in the rather dark box into which he had thrown himself and his sorrows. He began: dashed off a few sentences of supreme tenderness, and then paused, as is usual even with the most enamoured, for a fresh flow of ideas. The lamp had thrown its radiance on a showy mirror, and the mirror had returned the radiance on Charles. His eye caught sight of himself at full length in the mirror. Few men, Frenchmen not excluded, think themselves altogether destitute of personal charms; and Charles was really a handsome figure, such as might captivate its possessor, peculiarly when it was his last look. But why should it be his last look, was the thought that glanced into his mind? "Shall this classic head, jolly moustachios, exquisite imperial, and air chivalric go for nothing? Are the hearts of the women turned to stone? Are there not hundreds of maids, wives, and widows, that every week marry monsters compared to this brilliant physiognomy; and am I good for nothing but to be picked up by a fishing-net, laid out in the *Morgue* and paragraphed in to-morrow's *Moniteur*? Something must be tried."

But that something has formed the difficulty of heroes and geniuses since the beginning of the world. While he paused he was struck with the voice of a Jew Rabbi, who had marched from the farther end of the *café*, offering the tickets of a lottery, in which the prizes were *bon-bons*. The sound caught his ears, and the idea flashed into his head like lightning. "A lottery! why every thing is done by lottery,—the world's a lottery,—Fortune is a lottery,—commissions in hussars are a lottery,—marriage is a lottery;—why then should not husbands be a lottery? Why should I drown myself, when I could be drawn for by half the females of France, make some pretty woman the happiest of the happy, and make myself rich into the bargain?"

He threw aside his paper, called the Jew into the box, found, by a few leading questions, that he was a Jew who knew the world—a quick, sagacious, sharp-witted rogue—discussed the project of the live lottery with him, and before he left the box, had converted his love-letter into a charming address to all the charming women of France to purchase tickets in a lottery, of which the capital prize was to be the most captivating of mankind.

The Jew was delighted with the project, exhibited all the eagerness of his tribe in a sure speculation, and promised for a per centage, to dispose of all the shares at the synagogue in a week. To make the matter more secure, he insisted on Charles receiving fifty Napoleons on the spot, and finishing the night by supping with him at his own apartments. The Napoleons were accepted, and so was the invitation. The Jew packed up his *bon-bons*, called a cabriolet; the pair got into it, and were whirled to the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. A whole labyrinth of streets, narrow as sewers, and dark as pitch, led them to the Jew's domicile. A passage like the entrance to a jail there led them into a room which had a very striking resemblance to a dungeon, and Charles began to think that he had trusted the Jew too far—but what could he be robbed of? Still, he might be sold to the surgeons. The idea was not the most agreeable; and he cast a glance upon the Jew's motions, with a full resolve if he saw any treachery to fly on him and strangle him on the spot. But his valour was unnecessary; the Jew simply touched a bell, the door opened, and to his astonishment he found himself in a suite of rooms furnished with the utmost magnificence. Splendid carpets, gilded fauteuils, costly pictures met the eye every where, and at the end of the suite, in a room of still more exquisite proportions and furniture, a table was laid with a luxurious supper. "You think all this," said the Jew, smiling, "rather odd for seller of *bon-bons*, but this is the custom of my people; we thus make up for the troubles of our day and the scorn of the Gentiles. Now, to supper and to business."

Three or four domestics, evidently Hebrews, in showy liveries, attended at table. On their retiring the plan was constructed. The Jew exhibited his extent of that mysterious correspondence which connects the children of Abraham with each other throughout the world. The lottery was arranged, and the night was concluded in discussing the not less agreeable topics of the vintages of France, Spain, and Italy. Charles made but two reserves. One was of a ticket to be sent to Euphrasia, and the other a stipulation for himself, that in case the drawer of the prize should not strike his taste, or he should not strike hers, the profits of the lottery should be divided between them, and the parties be

free. In two months the ten thousand tickets were sold at a Napoleon a-piece. The drawing took place. In a few days after, the fair Euphrasia was waited upon by a handsome widow, *enbonpoint*, who came in her own equipage. "Save my life, mademoiselle," said she; "send me the lottery ticket in your possession." Euphrasia had received the ticket, but utterly unconscious of its value, had thrown it into her escritoire. "You shall have a thousand Napoleons for that ticket," said the showy widow. "Your ticket has drawn the prize."

The idea occurred to Euphrasia that though a thousand Napoleons would be a very satisfactory sum under other circumstances, it was unlucky to sell her good fortune until she knew what it was. The widow had bought thirty tickets in a determination to make sure of the prize. Her negotiation had failed, and she retired. In five minutes after, a travelling chariot drove to the door. Charles leapt up, and was in the arms of the fair Lyonnese. He had not discovered into whose hands the prize ticket had fallen a moment, before he was on the road to Lyons, driving as fast as four horses could carry him. The *dénouement* was complete; he brought her five thousand Napoleons as an instalment and foreswore drowning himself for at least twelve months to come. The whole affair is registered before the civil tribunal of Lyons. The showy widow was an opulent landowner of Carcasone. The happy pair are at this moment spending their honeymoon at Narbonne—*World we Live in; Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### THE MEETING.

*After the manner of Ludwig Uhland.*  
Once I lay beside a fountain,  
Lull'd me with its gentle song,  
And my thoughts o'er dale and mountain,  
With the clouds were borne along.

There I saw old castles flinging  
Shadowy gleams on moveless seas ;  
Saw gigantic forests swinging  
To and fro without a breeze ;

And in dusky alleys straying  
Many a giant shape of power ;  
Troops of nymphs in sunshine playing,  
Singing, dancing, hour on hour.

I, too, trod these plains Elysian,  
Heard their clear-toned notes of mirth ;  
But a brighter, fairer vision,  
Called me back again to earth.

From the forest shade advancing,  
Saw, there comes a lovely May,  
The dew-like gems before her glancing  
As she brushes it away.

Straight I rose, and ran to meet her,  
Seized her hand ; the heavenly blue  
Of her bright eyes smiled brighter, sweeter,  
As she asked me "Who are you?"

To this question came another—  
What its aim I still must doubt—  
And she asked me "How's your mother ?  
Does she know that you are out?"

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"No! my mother does not know it,  
Beauteous, heaven-descended Muse!"  
"Then off get you, my handsome poet,  
And say I sent you with the news."  
Bentley's Miscellany.

## HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

• • • My plan to get on in the world is by *lending*. I began, with six thousand pounds. Four thousand are at this moment lodged in my banker's hands, one thousand of which will be transferred to-morrow morning, to the account of my friend, the Duke of Outat-elbows, at Coutts's, as I am now on my road to inform him. I have good security for every guinea; bills, &c. I. O. U. from some of the first fellows in town. My popularity is immense. Every man of a certain standing knows me to have at my command a floating sum in ready money. It has been my fortune to save the credit of many a fine fellow, hard up after a heavy settling day. It was I who helped young Sir Wimham Scamp to carry off his heiress; it was I who lent old Harbottle the twenty-pound note with which he won his *quaterne* in the French lottery; I assisted Sir John to buy the winner of the St. Leger; I enabled Lord William to present that omnipotent pair of diamond earrings to Zephyrine; in short, I am the universal friend in need. What follows? That I have dinner invitations for every day in the season, and half a dozen balls per night! I am on the list of four patronesses for Almack's; and it rains opera-tickets on my head. More haunches of venison cross my threshold than that of Birch; and I might stock the Clarendon and Albion with game. My library-table groans with Annals and presentation copies; my dinner-table with cards, far more to the purpose. So much for London; but when the country-season sets in, show me the county in England in which I may not quarter myself for six weeks, in acceptance of pressing invitations! Dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, lords, and commons, are my obligatees; and burning to throw off the obligation, load me with hospitalities. A single thousand pounds of mine once changed hands so many times in the course of a year, that I conceive it has ever since returned me, in value, an income of two hundred a year. No, no! my dear Delphic! talk no more of *borrowing* as a source of prosperity. Trust me, that one of the best trades going in the fashionable world, is that of a judicious *lender*. Such is the charm which has made my ugly face beautiful in the eyes of society, my pertness pass for wit, my vulgarity, for the frankness of a good fellow.—Bentley's Miscellany.

## ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

The earth provided for our dwelling-place is a mass of matter very nearly globular in its form, and measuring 8,000 miles in its

diameter. Its magnitude was ascertained with tolerable precision at a comparatively early period in the history of physical discovery; but the inconceivably difficult problem of *weighing* it was reserved for modern times, and for an individual who has, by its solution, conferred more lustre on the House of Cavendish, than hereditary wealth and ancestral rank can bestow. The balance in which this eminent person weighed the earth is easily described. He placed a small ball of lead delicately suspended at a short distance from a comparatively large globe of the same metal. In the absence of the large globe, the small ball would be attracted by the mass of the earth alone; but when the larger globe of lead was brought near to it, the small ball was drawn aside by the attraction of the large globe. The extent of this effect supplied the means of comparing the amount of the attraction exerted by the large globe of lead, with the attraction exerted by the large globe of the earth, and these attractions were evidently the exponents or representatives of the respective weights of the globe of lead and the globe of the earth.

The result of this inquiry was the discovery, that the globe of the earth is five and a half times as heavy as it would be, if it were, from the surface to the centre, composed of water. Imagine, then, a reservoir of water, a mile in length, a mile in width, and a mile in depth. This would weigh thirteen hundred and sixty-two millions nine hundred and forty-four thousand tons. If we could add together two hundred and sixty-eight thousand millions of such reservoirs, we should obtain a weight equal to that of the earth.

Such is the mass, whose attraction gives stability to all structures raised for human convenience; and gives us, as well as the animals subservient to our uses, steadiness of position and motion.

Had the earth been materially less heavy, no structure could have existed on it with any degree of permanence; and we should ourselves be at the mercy of every gust of wind, to be blown like feathers from place to place. Had it been materially heavier, our strength would have been either inadequate to sustain our weight, or we should have had too little to spare for the pursuit of the objects of our physical wants and enjoyments. Yet, between the weight of the earth and the muscular strength of its animal occupants, there exists no *necessary* relation. This mutual fitness and adaptation is, therefore, one of the marks of the designed appropriation of man as a dweller, and the earth as a habitation, each for the other; and if we find other habitations possessing a like circumstance of fitness, we shall be enabled to infer the probability of similar dwellers there, which probability will be

swelled into moral certainty, if corroborated by a crowd of other analogies.

The earth is one of several globes which moves at different distances from the sun, in nearly circular paths, of which that luminary is the common centre. Counting from the sun, the earth is the third of these bodies. Those which in their excursions come nearest to it are the planet Venus, which is the second from the sun, and revolves within the path of the earth and the planet Mars, which is the fourth from the sun, and embraces the path of the earth within his range. Yet these bodies are, when nearest to us, at distances which, even with the most improved powers of telescopic observation, render any minute examination of their surfaces impossible. When nearest to us, the distance of Venus is about twenty-eight millions of miles, and that of Mars is above fifty-two millions of miles.

Great as these distances are, we are still enabled to obtain some knowledge of the circumstances, not only of these bodies, but of the other planets, which are many times more distant.

When sufficiently powerful telescopes are directed to the planets, we discover their faces diversified by light and shade, the lineaments of which possess a certain degree of permanence. By carefully observing these outlines, it is found that on one side they are continually withdrawn from our view, while new features are as constantly coming into view on the other side. After the lapse of a certain time, the entire face of the planet will have thus disappeared, and a new aspect will be presented. If, however, the observation be further continued, it will be found that the traces first noticed will gradually come once more into view in the same order in which they disappeared, but on the opposite side of the planet; and after an interval equal to that in which the face first observed had altogether disappeared, the same face will be completely restored.

It is easy to see that such appearances can only be produced by the fact of the planet turning on an axis like the earth; and the time in which it so turns will evidently be the interval between the moment at which any particular set of lineaments are observed, and the moment at which the same set of lineaments are restored after having disappeared.

Observations of this kind have been made on all the planets, whose distances are not too great, or whose magnitudes are not too small to render such observations possible. It is evident, then, that such planets, receiving as they do, in common with us, heat and light from the sun, have, like us, also the vicissitudes of day and night, since, by turning on their axes, they expose every part of their surfaces successively to the sun, and

withdraw them at intervals from the light of that body.

But it may be objected, that the mere fact of turning on an axis may not produce the alternations of day and night on the planet; for that if the axis on which the planet turns be in such a position, that, instead of being upright, or nearly so with reference to the plane of the planet's motion, it be so placed as to point directly towards the sun, then the rotation would not expose successively the various parts of the surface of the planet to the solar light. It is found, however, that this is in no instance the case. It is observed on the other hand, that the axis on which each planet turns, is at such an inclination as to produce the alternations of day and night, in the same manner as these changes are produced upon the earth.

Every thing therefore connected with these appearances conspire to establish the fact, that on the planets there are the vicissitudes of day and night analogous to those which we enjoy. But as we have seen that the length of the intervals of day and night here have a correspondence with our physical constitution and organization, it becomes a question of some interest whether the intervals of day and night in the other planets are nearly the same or materially different from ours. If we find them not materially different, there is a fair presumption that those for whose well-being such an arrangement has been made are of a nature to require intervals of activity and repose nearly the same as ourselves; and therefore that probably they are of like physical constitution.

Now, it is a fact, as remarkable as interesting, that while several of the planets have the same intervals of day and night as we have, none of them are extremely different in this respect. When the appearance of the planet Mars is examined by a sufficiently powerful telescope, it is found that all the features which he exhibits at any moment gradually disappear in twelve hours twenty minutes and ten seconds, at the expiration of which time he exhibits an entirely different face. But by continuing to observe him, the former features come successively into view, and all his original lineaments are restored after the lapse of the same time. It is evident, therefore, that Mars turns round his axis with a diurnal motion once in twenty-four hours forty minutes and twenty seconds.

By similar observations it is found, that the diurnal rotation of Venus is performed in twenty-three hours and thirty minutes. The time of the diurnal revolution of Mercury is uncertain, owing to the difficulty of observing a body which is so constantly drenched in sun-light as to be scarcely ever visible at night. The diurnal rotation of

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Jupiter and Saturn is more rapid than that of the Earth, the former being completed in nine hours and fifty-six minutes, the latter in ten hours and thirty minutes.

Thus it appears, that in those globes which are our nearest neighbours in the solar system, the alternations of day and night are in fact identical with our own, and that in Jupiter and Saturn they are at something less than half the interval. But we find no example among this family of worlds of such intervals of light and darkness as would be reckoned by days, months, or years. Now be it remembered, that there is no mechanical or physical law which renders rapid diurnal motion necessary, or which renders *any* such movement necessary. Can we then doubt that this *voluntary* convenience is provided on all for the same purpose as on our own globe: namely, to give intervals of labour and repose of such frequency and duration as are suitable to the nature and the necessities of their respective occupants; and as those intervals are in several the same, and in none materially different from those upon the earth, that these occupants are formed with a constitution and organization not very different from our own.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

### Spirit of Discovery.

#### HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S ARCTIC DISCOVERY EXPEDITION.

The lively interest which the British public have for such a length of time manifested in the further discovery of the Arctic regions, induced the Hudson's Bay Company, to determine on equipping an expedition, solely at their own expense and composed of their own officers and servants, with the view of endeavouring to complete the survey of the northern shores of the American continent.

The formation and equipment of the expedition were intrusted to Mr. Simpson, the Resident Governor, in the spring of 1836. That gentleman, on his arrival from England at Norway House, Lake Winnipeg, in the month of June of the same year, beat up for volunteers for this arduous service; two active and enterprising leaders, Messrs. P. W. Dease, and Thomas Simpson, and twelve men, were immediately selected and forwarded with the necessary supplies to Fort Chipewyan, Athabasca Lake, where they passed the winter of 1836-7. Immediately after the opening of the navigation on the 1st of June, 1837, the party started from Fort Chipewyan in two small boats which they had constructed in the course of the winter, descended the Slave River, passed the western end of Great Slave Lake, where they were detained several days by

ice, and descended Mackenzie's River to Fort Norman, where they arrived on the 1st of July. From Fort Norman they dispatched two of their party, with two other men belonging to Fort Norman, to the eastern end of Great Bear's Lake, for the purpose of erecting a small establishment at which they might take up their quarters for the following winter, and of laying up a stock of provisions preparatory to an extension of their survey in the summer of 1838. These arrangements being made, Messrs. Dease and Simpson, with the remainder of their people, forming a party of twelve in all, continued their route down the Mackenzie, and reached Fort Good Hope, the most northern establishment belonging to the Company, on the 4th, where they found an assemblage of Hare and Loucheoux Indians, from whom they learned that the Esquimaux had killed three of their party a short time previous, which prevented the discoverers taking an interpreter from that tribe.

On the 9th of July they reached the ocean by the most western mouth of the Mackenzie, marking its situation in latitude 68 deg. 49 min. 23 sec. N., longitude 136 deg. 66 min. 45 sec. W. They had proceeded but a short distance to seaward when a party of nineteen Esquimaux went off to them from Tent Island, who showed a disposition to be troublesome, but returned to their encampment when they found the party prepared to defend themselves if necessary. The progress of the party along the coast was very slow, owing to frequent obstructions from ice, cold, dense fog, and strong head-winds. On the afternoon of the 11th they reached Point Kay, where they found another encampment of Esquimaux, and where they were detained by a compact body of ice, occupying Phillip's Bay until they 14th. They continued their route till the 17th, when an unbroken pack of ice extending to seaward, made them seek the shore in Camden Bay, near a large camp of Esquimaux, who received them kindly. In the afternoon there appeared a narrow passage of water through the ice, stretching outwards, and they immediately embarked, but had not proceeded above three miles from the land, when the ice suddenly closed upon them, squeezing one of their boats, which, with their provisions and baggage, they had much difficulty in saving; and by means of portages from one piece of ice to another, the oars serving as bridges, they finally got on a large floe, where they passed an inclement and anxious night. On the 20th they reached Foggy Islands Bay, when they were stopped by ice and a violent north-east wind until the 23rd, having on the preceding day made an ineffectual attempt to weather Point Anxiety, in which

they narrowly escaped with a thorough drenching. The latitude ashore was 70 deg. 9 min. 48 sec. From this situation they had the satisfaction of discovering a range of the Rocky Mountains to the westward of the Romanzoff chain, and not seen by Sir John Franklin, but being within the limit of his survey, called it the Franklin Range, as a just tribute to his character and merits. That evening they reached Sir John Franklin's Return Reef, where their survey commenced, that officer having got no further. Return Reef is one of a chain of reefs which run for twenty miles parallel to the coast, at the distance of about half a league, affording sufficient water within for their small craft. The mainland is very low. From Point Berens\* to Cape Halkett it forms Harrison's Bay, fifty miles broad, by about a third of that distance in depth. At the bottom of this bay another picturesque branch of the Rocky Mountains' range rears its lofty peaks above these flat shores, which they named Pelley's Mountains, in honour of the governor of the company. At their base flows Colville River, two miles broad at its mouth, to the south-west of which stands Cape Halkett, where they were detained by a north-east gale the whole of the following day. The country extending to the foot of the mountains appeared to consist of plains covered with short grass and moss, a favourite resort of reindeer, of which they saw numerous herds. Observations were obtained determining Cape Halkett to be in latitude 70 deg. 43 min. N., longitude 152 deg. 14. min. W.; the variation of the compass 43 deg. 8 min. 33 sec. E.

Next morning, 26th of July, they passed the Gany, a river about one mile broad.

From Cape Halkett the coast turned suddenly off to the W. N. W. It presented to the eye nothing but a succession of low banks of frozen mud. In the evening they passed the mouths of a large stream, which they named Smith's River. From thence for about nine miles the coast line is formed of gravel reefs, near the extremity of which, at Point Pitt, the land trends more to the westward. Here they were detained by ice until the following afternoon (27th.) when an opening presenting itself, they resumed their route. It blew a cutting blast from the N. E., and the salt water froze upon the oars and the rigging. Point Drew, seven miles distant from their last encampment, is the commencement of a bay of considerable size, but extremely shallow, and much encumbered with ice. To seaward the ice

\* The different rivers, capes, and other remarkable objects between Franklin's Return Reef and Beechey's Cape Barrow, were named by Messrs. Dease and Simpson after the Governor and Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, and other gentlemen connected with the fur-trade.

was still smooth and solid, as in the depth of a sunless winter. At midnight they reached a narrow projecting point, across which the peaks of some high icebergs appeared. This point they named Cape George Simpson, as a mark of respect for the Governor of the Company's territories, to whose excellent arrangements the success of the expedition is in a great measure indebted.

This point was destined to be the limit of their boat navigation; for during the four following days they were only able to advance as many miles. The weather was foggy and dismally cold, the wild fowl passed in long flights to the westward, and there seemed little prospect of their being able to reach Beechey's Point Barrow by water. Boat Extreme is situated in latitude 71 deg. 3 min. 24 sec. N., longitude 154 deg. 26 min. 30 sec. W.; variation of the compass 42 deg. 36 min. 18 sec. E.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Thomas Simpson undertook to complete the journey on foot, and accordingly started on the 1st of August with five men, Mr. Dease and the other five men remaining in charge of the boat.

The pedestrians carried with them their arms, some ammunition, pemican, a small oiled-canvas canoe for the crossing of rivers, the necessary astronomical instruments, and a few trinkets for the natives.

It was one of the worst days of the whole season, and the fog was so dense that the party were under the necessity of rigidly following the tortuous outline of the coast, which for twenty miles formed a sort of irregular inland bay, (being guarded without by a series of gravel reefs,) the shore of which was almost on a level with the water, and intersected by innumerable salt creeks, through which they waded, besides three considerable rivers which they traversed in their portable canoe. Next day the weather improved, and at noon Mr. Simpson had an observation for lat. in 71° 3' 45". The shore now inclined to the south-west, and continued very low and muddy, and, as on the preceding day, abounding in salt creeks, whose waters were at the freezing temperature. The party had proceeded about ten miles, when to their dismay the coast suddenly turned off to the southward, forming an inlet as far as the eye could reach.

At the same moment they descried at no great distance a small camp of Esquimaux, to which they immediately directed their steps. The men were absent hunting, and the women and children took to their boat in the greatest alarm, leaving behind them an infirm man, who was in an agony of fear. A few words of friendship removed his apprehensions, and brought back the fugitives, who were equally surprised and delighted to behold white men. They set before the party fresh reindeer meat and seal oil.

Mr. Simpson more experienced the family to Point Barrow by that these

Four oak strange cravat arrived, and tons, &c., the encamp highly gra

Dease's place, yet shore is just cleared we from the n dense fog in the air of high, and with great on the we there were high; the abounded very short penetrated the surface shore the sea. Not this land lowed the their fire chimney on the bitterly cold on the out lay packe this was a qualities a carried the

The land northward yond which 12° 36' w coast tren forming t Simpson n and Row party the large bay three hours fog, not the evening weather liorized, be only far way across sand; the found to being the Reel and S.E. from thoma we

Mr. Simpson now determined to adopt a more expeditious mode of travelling, by obtaining the loan of one of their "oomiaks," or family skin canoes, to convey the party to Point Barrow, with which, from a chart drawn by one of the women, it appeared that these people were well acquainted.

Four oars were fitted with lashings to this strange craft. Before starting the hunters arrived, and presents of tobacco, awls, buttons, &c., were made to all the inmates of the encampment, with which they were highly gratified.

Deuse's Inlet is five miles broad at this place, yet so low is the land that the one shore is just visible from the other in the clearest weather. It now again blew strongly from the north-east, bringing back the cold dense fog; but the traverse was effected by the aid of the compass. The waves ran high, and the skin-boat surmounted them with great buoyancy: the party encamped on the west side of the inlet. The banks there were of frozen mud, ten or twelve feet high; the country within was perfectly flat, abounded in small lakes, and produced a very short grass; but no where had the thaw penetrated more than two inches beneath the surface, while under water along the shore the bottom was still impenetrably frozen. Not a log of wood was to be found in this land of desolation; but our party followed the example of the natives, and made their fire of the dwarf willow in a little chimney of turf. Next morning, August 3, the fog cleared for awhile, but it was still bitterly cold, and the swell beat violently on the outside of a heavy line of ice which lay packed upon the shore. To weather this was a work of danger; but the good qualities of their boat, after a severe trial, carried them safely through.

The land ran out for five miles to the northward, then turned off to the N.W., beyond which, at Point Christie, the lat.  $71^{\circ} 12' 36''$  was observed. From thence the coast trended more westerly for ten miles, forming two points and a bay, which Mr. Simpson named after chief factors Charles and Rowand, and chief trader Ross. The party then came up to what appeared a large bay, where they halted for two or three hours to await the dispersion of the fog, not knowing which way to steer. In the evening their wish was gratified, and the weather from that time was sensibly ameliorated. The bay was now ascertained to be only four miles in width; the depth half-way across was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  fathom on a bottom of sand; that of Deuse's Inlet was afterwards found to be two fathoms, muddy bottom, being the greatest depth between Return Reef and Point Barrow, except at ten miles S.E. from Cape Halkett, where three fathoms were sounded on our return. After

crossing Mackenzie's Bay the coast again trended for eight or nine miles to the W.N.W. A compact body of ice extended all along, and beyond the reach of vision to seaward; but the party carried their light vessel within that formidable barrier, and made their way through the narrow channels close to the shore.

At midnight they passed the mouth of a fine deep river, a quarter of a mile wide, to which Mr. Simpson gave the name of the Bellevue, and in less than an hour afterwards the rising sun gratified him with the view of Point Barrow, stretching out to the N.N.W. They soon crossed Elson Bay, which, in the perfect calm, had acquired a tough coating of young ice, but had much difficulty in making their way through a broad and heavy pack that rested upon the shore. On reaching it, and seeing the ocean extending away to the southward, they hoisted their flag, and with three cheers took possession of their discoveries in his Majesty's name.

Point Barrow is a long low spit, composed of gravel and coarse sand, which the pressure of the ice has forced up into numerous mounds, that, viewed from a distance, assume the appearance of huge boulder rocks. At the spot where the party landed it is only a quarter of a mile across, but is broader towards its termination. The first object that presented itself on looking round the landing-place was an immense cemetery. The bodies lay exposed in the most horrible and disgusting manner, and many of them appeared so fresh, that the men became alarmed that the cholera, or some other dreadful disease, was raging among the natives. Two considerable camps of the latter stood at no great distance on the point, but none of the inmates ventured to approach till our party first visited them, and, with the customary expressions of friendship, dissipated their apprehensions.

A brisk traffic then began, after which the women formed a circle, and danced to a variety of airs, some of which were pleasing to the ear. The whole conduct of these people was friendly in the extreme; they seemed to be well acquainted with the character, if not the persons, of white men, and were passionately fond of tobacco.

To the northward enormous icebergs covered the ocean; but on the western side there was a fine open channel, which the Esquimaux assured the party extended all along to the southward, and so inviting was the prospect in that direction, that had such been his object, Mr. Simpson would not have hesitated a moment to prosecute the voyage to Cook's Inlet in his skin canoe. The natives informed him that whales were numerous to the northward of the point, and seals were every where sporting among the ice.

It was high water between one and two o'clock A.M. and P.M.; the rise of the tide was fourteen inches, and the flow came from the westward. Observations were obtained which determine the position of the landing-place to be in lat.  $71^{\circ} 23' 33''$  N., long.  $156^{\circ} 20'$  W., agreeing closely with the observations of Mr. Elson. Then bidding adieu to their good-humoured and admiring entertainers, the party set out on their return.

They reached the western mouth of the Mackenzie on the 17th of August, and Fort Norman on the 4th of September, from whence their report is dated on the following day.—*Morning Chronicle*.

### The Gatherer.

*Pompey's Pillar.*—In a letter from Captain Smyth, who made the survey of the Mediterranean shores, we find the following dimensions of Pompey's Pillar, contained in a work recently published, entitled *Voyages up the Mediterranean, with Memoirs compiled from the Log and Letters of a Midshipman* (Mr. W. Robinson). “While we were at Alexandria,” says Captain Smyth, “I wished to make some observations with a theodolite from the summit of Pompey's Pillar; and, as there are so many accounts of its dimensions, I determined to have the exact measurement. With a kite, we conducted over a small line: this pulled over a larger; and so on, till we got a regular set of shrouds rigged; and we rattled them with oars and handpikes. I now send you a copy of the dimensions, the first as obtained by a micrometric instrument, and the second by a very careful measurement with a line and rule, so that we may now say that we have the true size of this noble relic of antiquity.”

#### Micrometer.

|                              | Ft. in.             |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| The Capital .....            | 9 10                |
| Shaft .....                  | 67 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Base .....                   | 5 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Pedestal .....               | 14 11               |
| Whole height .....           | 98 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Upper circumference .....    | 24 2                |
| Central ditto .....          | 27 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Lower ditto .....            | 27 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Summit to the astragal ..... | 10 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Astragal to the torus .....  | 67 8                |
| Torus to the ground .....    | 21 4                |
| Whole height .....           | 99 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Pedestal square .....        | 14 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  |
| Capital square .....         | 11 9                |
| Ditto diagonal .....         | 16 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ |

From these dimensions, the lower diameter appears to equal 8 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.; and upper diameter, 7 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  in.; and, the circumference at the centre, the section of the shaft seems to commence at the base, instead of at one third the height of the shaft, as is usual.—*Architect.*

*A Ready Answer.*—Mr. K., a missionary among a tribe of northern Indians, was invited to set some simple refreshments,—fruit and cider, before his converts, when they came from a distance to see him. An old man, who had no pretensions to be a Christian, desired much to be admitted to the refreshments, and proposed to some of his converts to accompany them on their next visit to the missionary. They told him he must be a Christian first. What was that? must know all about the Bible. When time came, he declared himself prepared, undertook the journey with them. When arrived, he seated himself opposite the missionary, wrapped in his blanket, and looked exceedingly serious. In answer to an inquiry from the missionary, he rolled up his sleeve and solemnly uttered the following words, with a pause between each—

“Adam—Eve—Cain—Noah—Jesus—Beelzebub—Solomon—”

“What do you mean?” asked the missionary.

“Solomon—Beelzebub—Noah—”

“Stop, stop. What do you mean?”

“I mean—cider.”—*Miss Martin.*

*The Great Western Steam Ship.*—The cost of this superb vessel is stated at £200,000. Shipping, £1,373. 13s. 10d.; Engine, £13,500; fittings of Saloon, (engraved in the *Supplement published with the present Number*), £1,000; and the remainder of rigging, equipment, stores, &c.

The mere scarcity of money (so that extra wants are provided) is not poverty—it is the bitter draught to owe money which we can not pay.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

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